

## INTEGRATION

My inner mind, alive since birth,  
has always called my number, but I  
completely unaware, 'til now,  
have never heard the call.

Conscience  
still small voice  
subconscious  
feeble voice  
god  
worm...  
Labels worn from time to time  
Labels defined by  
    purposes  
    goals  
    limitations  
of my inner mind.

Yet, somehow, it never died  
though the shifting labels set  
    restrictions,  
    conditions  
    unnatural  
    debilitating  
that blocked its interactions.

In spite of all the blocks and walls that  
    built a prison in my soul to  
    hold, contain  
        my inner mind,  
            it never died.

And now, at last, I've learned to free  
    to open doors  
    to breach the walls  
that held it chained within.

A thought, a call, through well worn paths  
Interaction is complete  
We meet, my inner mind and I  
    comparing notes  
    assessing facts  
    sharing thoughts

testing truths  
Once the meeting is complete, channels disconnected  
my inner mind considers all the options.  
Sometimes the process takes some time  
new data is requested.  
Sometimes one call can satisfy  
more input is not needed.

Each time my inner mind considers all the cases  
Considers  
consequences  
facts and feelings  
reasons pro and reasons con  
alternative conclusions  
things that must and things that can  
emotional conditions  
Factors weighed  
Choice is made through  
reasoned intellect  
emotional involvement  
of which direction I should take  
what choices I should make.

Times there are, my conscious mind  
cannot accept the choice and marches down another road  
one chosen out of reason  
emotion not considered.  
Without fail, when paths diverge, and intellect, alone, controls  
the road results in less than best  
Wisest proves to be  
the road resulting from the choice  
that measured every element - the choice of inner mind.

It has not failed me yet and yet my intellect cannot freely trust.  
In time.  
In time.

Caution, though, is apropos. No wisdom in blind faith  
of god  
of mind  
of heart  
And so I strive  
Equilibrium, balance of my soul and overall  
I see  
I feel

I know  
I have become whole!

It has not been an easy path, this struggle towards balance  
Reclaiming what once was; what once should have been  
undoing  
unmaking  
untaking  
steps that differentiate the soul

Steps made with no consideration for consequence unfolding.  
Till each event of life became  
derivative to one before  
which was itself nothing more than  
derivative to one before.

And each event was  
separate  
distinct  
disconnected  
from all the other parts of life.  
Each thought  
each feeling  
living in a sharply walled compartment  
divided from the rest

Except the one  
the one that came before.

At every step, each derivation made,  
something singular was lost  
Lost in every step was part of what connects  
each room within  
Integrates the whole.  
The key that reconnects each isolated part -  
Lost  
Lost

What remains  
consists of hard and shiny walls  
ever bolted doors  
strong enough to block my inner mind from me.

In spite of all the blocks and walls that formed the prison of my soul  
to hold, contain  
my inner mind  
It never died.

And now, at last, I've learned to free,  
to open doors  
to breach the walls  
that held it chained within.

My inner mind has learned the skill, has learned to integrate  
recapturing  
rebuilding  
renovating  
what was lost.  
It slowly wanders  
inner halls  
unlocking musty doors.

The outer wall remains  
it serves a useful place  
Now it serves, does not control, my soul.

Sometimes it serves to shield the world  
from all of me  
for all of me can be too much.

Sometimes it serves to shield my soul  
from turmoil from the world  
for turmoil from the world to me can be too much.

The wall still lives within my being  
No longer raping, sundering, breaking.  
Not tamed  
understood.  
Not broken down  
willing, active partner  
In all that interacts within that makes me whole.  
The gloss is gone  
No longer mirror for the world  
Not reflecting, nor transparent  
opaque, absorbing.  
Not defense, nor offense  
tool, absorbing.

Once used to mirror every feeling, motion, passion  
the wall absorbs  
noise, touch, sound  
Passing inwards

partner in learning.

Opaque

Now describes the rim of my being

Some

with vision impaired

assume opaque means my soul is

cold

calculating

distant

remote

It is not.

True the wall is still strong but

the number and shape of the doors

is uncouncted

each one no longer locked.

Access is let to all

who approach and request

Though the level of access depends

on the mutual trust of two souls.

Sometimes the wall sees illusions projected

as real

Entrance is granted that should be prevented

but the level of trust grows weaker

not stronger

Access, once granted

can still be rescinded, and is

not by the wall, but by me.

My inner mind, alive since birth, now strives for equilibrium

not simply recognition.

I, exhausted by this long, strained trip

have struggled through the dusty cluttered maze; have

explored alone within my soul; have

looked through many rooms; have

opened many doors; have

learned of me; have

learned to like me.

I have learned to integrate all parts of me

not just the wall

not just the inner mind

not just the intellect

not just one part alone

All of me.

I have learned to see  
not just with my eyes  
not just with the wall  
not just with my mind  
not just one part alone  
With each seeing part of me.

Finally, at long, long last, I see the truth.

**I  
am  
beautiful  
and  
whole**